

## The Rockwood Review.

fail under average conditions, we must confess that we cannot make money, but we will not say that until we are forced to admit it. We intend taking commercial agencies for bicycles, photographic supplies, firearms and periodical trade publications. In any case, and as a last resort, it may be, we can open an English School. "To Mexico, to Mexico," but—and these "buts" obstruct one at every turn—if the climate of Mexico city is not better than that of Curacao, I will stay no longer than it will be necessary for me to pack and get out. In Curacao, the climate is beautiful and temperate the year round, but in one day—yes, in one hour—there is a change of thirty degrees. The sun shines to a heat of seventy-five degrees, when in a minute, low clouds tumble down the mountain side and lower the temperature to fifty. A northerner springs up about that time, and still further tries the constitution of the stranger. I have been threatened with malaria for five months, and at this moment perspiration pours down from me on to the floor. It is mid-day. The heat is about eighty-six. A trade wind blows from the north-east, a tiny breath creeps through my window, and I shiver. I put on my overcoat, and suffocate, while rheumatic chills creep down my limbs. Such are the effects of malarial fever in the system. Do you wonder when I tell you how I would rejoice were I permitted once more to stand under the falling snow of Canada? W— has been troubled with similar ague since arriving in Curacao, and has no chance to recuperate since his ordeal in Caracas. But if we can live here, and we must be pushed to the verge of endurance before we give in, we shall remain until December.

And now let me relieve what must have been a tedious narrative of "hard lines" by the relation of one incident amongst several others, which prove how good the average civilized man is after all.

We were not long in this isolated Dutch dependency, before each individual of its thirty thousand inhabitants knew of our arrival and our plight. Many were anxious to aid us, and of the number was a Hollander who gloried in the possession of an American wife. We were invited to call upon him, and after passing through narrow cobbled streets in search of the worthy man's office, we ushered ourselves up a stairway as steep as gravity. Arriving at the top, we were suddenly addressed by a tottering old man, once tall, still almighty with his heavy Dutch jaws and steel spectacles. "You're American?" he queried. "So'm I. So's my wife. The American flag flies over my house to-day. Command me! Here I am. I've been in New York. God's country. This is my office. Walk in. No? Then come again. Come again. My wife's American," saying which he ushered us down stairs, and in two breaths told us once more to "come again." When we had reached the street, and recovered a portion of our senses, we suddenly stood laboring under the discovery that we hadn't said a word! But we knew that he had a heart as warm as his language, and henceforth we shall ever respect a Dutchman.

At this moment, when I look into the yellow, fitful flame of the candle by which I am writing, I recall one scene which, as I think of it, ever arouses me from animal misery. I see myself once more climbing a cliff of coral, gathering here and there its fragments of fantastic shape, eluding its thorny cacti, passing up and over the clefts where pineapples rust in the sun, higher and higher over its rocks that know neither weeds nor grass, until at last, I find myself far above city and sea! That is heaven with its clouds of fire coming in armies from the west, clouds of blue and scarlet and jet, with shreds of gold, and marvel with me, others of livid green.